

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Chinese Novels, translated from the Originals; to which are added, Proverbs and Moral Maxims, collected from their Classical Books and other Sources. The whole prefaced by Observations on the Language and Literature of China.* By John Francis Davis, F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 250. London 1822. J. Murray.

At pages 233 and 251 of our last year's volume will be found some interesting particulars of Chinese literature, for which we were indebted to Sir George Staunton; and among the rest an epitome of the novel of Tang-lang, affording a view of the manners of that country, which the volume now before us helps still further to extend.

The introductory observations dwell with considerable force and perfect justice on the unaccountable apathy of English scholars towards the language of China, while the French Literati have cultivated it diligently for more than a century. It is the same, politically, with our immense Empire of India; and we have long been surprised that the public attention should be so little directed to that quarter. On the average of a year, the journals contain more intelligence and speculation about Saint Domingo, or Demerara, or Parga, than about the most astonishing colony that ever belonged to a nation, besides being in itself one of the most remarkable and important countries in the world. We hope that the period of disregard is now past, and that our investigations of the Letters of China will hereafter bear some proportion to the magnitude of our commercial interests; and that India, under its new Governor-general, will produce fresh attractions for literary, philosophical and popular observation. The translation of Chinese Dramas and Novels, especially of the latter, are well adapted to develop the customs, modes of thinking, and character, of that singular people; and though it will thence appear that they are infinitely more curious than interesting, the tales are not too dull to be perused with some degree of amusement.

Mr. Davis, we notice, pays a tribute of warm praise to Morrison's Chinese Dictionary; and, on the other hand, impugns Marshman's Grammar as ill constructed and frequently erroneous; but we will go no further into the question than merely to copy a good definition of the language:

The specific difference between the Chinese, and other languages, lies wholly in the principle on which the characters or words are formed; these being formed in the latter by the union of the letters of the alphabet; in the former, by the union of certain elementary characters, intended to represent the principal objects of sense.

In this language the three novels before us are written. The first is called "The Shadow in the Water;" the second "The Twin Sisters;" and the third "The Three Dedicated Chambers." The last has already appeared in fragments in a periodical work; but is now rather rewritten than revised, and is unquestionably the better picture among the three of Chinese manners and opinions.

The Shadow in the Water is so called from the loves of Chin-seng and Yu-kiuen, cousins, whose parents live in such enmity, that they have built a high wall to divide their joint patrimony, and are so inveterately bent on having no intercourse, that they have carried it even across the deep pond at the bottom of the garden. In this pond and in love, however, the flame of which arises like a fire-rocket from the water, our young folks contrive to fall at the same time; for though they cannot see each other through the jealous obstacles raised by their parents, they manage to see the reflections of each other's faces in the pond, and so become mutually enamoured. The lover goes still further, for he absolutely swims across the duck-tank to his adored Yu-kiuen, which gallant exploit frightens her so much, that she screams with terror, and flies as fast as her little feet will carry her to her father Kwan's house. He continues obstinately to resist the match, though a common friend, Loo-kung, acts the important part of negotiator; upon which

Too and his wife, (the father and mother of Chin-seng,) gave up the idea entirely, and began to look out for another match for their son. They recollected that Loo-kung himself had an adopted daughter, named Kin-yun, who in respect to both her mental and personal qualities was in nowise inferior to Yu-kiuen. They therefore engaged a person to go over and propose the match. Loo-kung said in reply, that marriage being a thing of great moment, it was not proper to be guided by one's wishes alone, but that the Pa-tse (eight characters) on both sides should be compared together. If, on comparing these, it appeared that the combinations did not portend any thing unfortunate, the match might take place. Too then took his son's Pa-tse, and sent them to Loo-kung. As soon as the latter had looked at them, he was greatly astonished, for it appeared that Chin-seng's eight characters were precisely those of Kin-yun; that these two were born in the same hour, of the same day, of the same month, of the same year. He then exclaimed, "It plainly appears, from this, that the match is ordained by heaven, and therefore it no longer rests with man to oppose it. There can be no more doubts on the subject." The negotiator of the marriage returned with this answer to Too and his wife, who rejoiced very much, and, without

saying any thing to their son, concluded the match.

But Chin-seng cannot forget his acquaintance of the pond, and all the juvenile parties fall sick of disappointment. At last an artifice is used, in consequence of which the consent of Kwan is entreated, and the doubly happy Chin-seng marries both the ladies together—the very usual ending of a Chinese tale.

The Twin Sisters is even more rapid than the Shadow in the Water; and, indeed, where parents have so despotic a power, and children never dream of disobeying them, it is pretty clear that love stories must want most of their interesting ingredients. Another grand hinderance to any thing like interest in these tales, is the formal cut of the actors, who seem to be the most passionless animals in creation, men of buckram and women of pasteboard. We never have any sympathy with them. They cry and scold and laugh, and lay down maxims, with equal insipidity; and they appear dwarfs in intellect and oddities in nature, upon whose ill or weal we cannot excite ourselves to care one iota.

The Three Dedicated Chambers relates to a greedy avaricious man and his son, who wait like spiders to purchase, in the hour of need, the inheritance of a less prudent neighbour. It is the best story; and we shall select a few specimens from it, commencing with the commencement.

During the reign of the twelfth Emperor of the Ming dynasty, in a district of the province of Sze-chuen, there lived a rich man, who was likely in time to be still richer. This person, whose name was Tang-yu-chuen, had an immense quantity of land. Whenever he got any money, it was his delight to add to his landed possessions; but he would neither build houses, nor would he supply himself with any of the comforts or necessities of life, beyond what was absolutely indispensable. His disposition was to enrich himself by every means in his power, and his property increased daily, like the moon towards the full. Houses and furniture (he thought) were not only unprofitable, but there was always a fear lest the god of fire should destroy them, and they might in one moment become annihilated. If one had fine garments, there immediately came unpleasant fellows to borrow clothes. If there was plenty to eat, one soon had people claiming acquaintance, and taking their seats in quest of food. In short, there was nothing like being contented with coarse articles, for people in that case would not be seeking them.

He laid fast hold of this notion, and was determined to take care of his money. But not contented with being niggardly, he wished to assume credit to himself for it, and said that he was descended from one of the

most ancient emperors, and that his ancestors were celebrated for their economy.

The father being thus parsimonious, his son was bound to obey his precepts. When people saw the avarice of the former, they observed, that there was an ancient proverb, which said, that "if a man was a great miser, he would certainly have a prodigal son." He must inevitably have a successor who would turn things upside down; so that Tang-yo-chuen's disposition to save was not likely to descend. To their surprise, however, the son imitated his father. From his earliest years he devoted himself to letters, seeking preferment by every means in his power, and soon became a scholar of the third degree. In his eating and drinking he did not seek for luxury; in his clothes he wished not for a superabundance; and in his pleasures he was very sparing. It was only on the subject of houses that he differed; for there he was not contented with economy.

Being ashamed of the dwelling which they now inhabited, he wished to build a better one, but was afraid to begin, lest the means should not be forthcoming. Having heard people say, "that to buy an old house was better than to build a new one," he observed, in a consultation on the subject with his father, that if they could purchase a handsome dwelling, fit for them to live in, they might then think of a garden, and build a library in it, to suit their own taste. As the father had an object\* in humouring his son, he deviated on this occasion from his usual maxims. He replied, "There is no necessity to be in a hurry; we shall have a handsome house and garden in this very street. The house is not yet completed, but the day of its being finished must infallibly be the day of its sale; so let us wait a while."

In this speculation the schemes ultimately succeed, for Yu-soo-chin, the person who was building the mansion, was of a description very likely to become the prey of cunning men.

— He delighted in amusing himself with books of poetry, and fancy, but did not seek eminence as a scholar. From the indolence of his disposition, he had a great aversion from any office, and was not born to be a mandarin. He therefore detached his thoughts from a great name, and gave himself entirely up to odes and wine; by which means he could not but be reduced to beggary.

During his whole life he had scarcely any other delight than in arranging and building gardens and summer-houses. From the beginning of the year to the end, not a day passed without his doing something in this way. He was desirous that the place about which he was now engaged, should be quite perfect, and superior to the common order of things. He said, "Let other men have their numerous acres: ostentation and riches were the concerns of others: on him they had no influence." There were only three things in which he really felt interested, and which he was determined to have of the best. These were, the house which he inhabited in the day, the bed in which he slept at night,

and the coffin which was to contain him when dead. Having these ideas in his breast, he went on with his work, and laboured at it in an indefatigable manner.

He finally builds himself out of a house, and is compelled to sell to his avaricious neighbour—retaining, however, the three chambers which give name to the tale, and which are thus described:

The apartments, which Yu-soo-chin retained, were in the style of a Pagoda, consisting altogether of three stories. In each chamber was a tablet, written upon by some person of rank and eminence, with whom he was acquainted. In the lowest room were carved lattices, crooked railings, bamboo seats, and flower stands. It was the place where he received his guests. On the tablet were inscribed large characters to this effect,

#### DEDICATED TO MEN.

The chamber in the middle story was adorned with bright tables and clear windows, together with pictures and other furniture. This was his study, where he was accustomed to read and write. On the tablet was largely inscribed,

#### DEDICATED TO THE ANCIENTS.

The highest chamber was empty and light. There was nothing in it, besides a chafing dish for incense, and a sacred book. It was here that he retreated from the crowd, retired from noise, and shut himself up in complete solitude. On the front of the tablet in this chamber was written, in large characters,

#### DEDICATED TO HEAVEN.

Having divided the building into compartments for these three different uses, he likewise took them unitedly, and formed a tablet, calling them,

#### THE THREE DEDICATED CHAMBERS.

Before he had parted with the rest of his property, those three appellations, though well chosen, had still been vainly applied, since he had not made use of the apartments. The lowest chamber only could be excepted, for as he was exceedingly fond of entertaining guests, and if a person came from a distance to visit him, immediately placed a bed in it, the appellation of "Dedicated to Men" was certainly applicable. As to the two upper chambers, he had hardly been in them. But now, since his summer-houses were gone, besides the chamber "Dedicated to the Ancients," he had no place in which he could read or write; and except that "Dedicated to Heaven," none to which he could retire from noise, or retreat from the crowd. All the day long he sat in them, and the names which he had dictated became truly applicable. He now fully understood that a great deal might be effected in a small and confined residence, and that it was better to despise the name, and adhere to the reality. These four popular lines are not inapplicable.

"Lord of ten thousand acres, flowering fair,  
A few small morsels quell thy appetite;  
A thousand spreading roofs demand thy care,  
And lo! six feet suffice thee every night!"

The strength which he possessed had hitherto been dissipated in vain. He now applied his inventive genius collectively at a single point, and caused his dwelling to be decorated to an extraordinary degree. Residing in it, Yu-soo-chin not only forgot the misery of parting with his garden, being in fact very much relieved by the absence of that burthen, but also remained secure from a violent neighbour at his side.

A friend comes to visit him, and hides a treasure under the floor. He then relates a pretended dream of a white rat vanishing there, in the hope of inducing the poet to dig, but falling in this, returns home. A long time after, Ke-woo, the careless man's son, becomes celebrated for literary abilities, which are always enriched and rewarded in China, whatever they may be in other countries. Restored in power and authority to his native place, he finds the miser's heir in deep distress, from having been accused of fraud in respect to the concealed hoard, and bastinadoed almost to death to force a confession from his lips. Of course our scholar has penetration enough to unriddle the mystery, and resuming his paternal estates, he graciously takes the family of the locum tenens under his protection.

When the magistrate returned to his office, he sent a messenger to deliver the twenty pieces of treasure, and to procure a receipt for the same. Ke-woo, however, would not accept it. He wrote back a letter to that officer, requesting that he would give the money over to the family of the prisoner, and redeem the property with it. That, in the first place, this would be fulfilling the intentions of his father; secondly, it would accord with the wishes of his generous friend; and lastly, it would enable the prisoner's family to purchase some other residence. Thus, neither the giver nor the receivers would be injured in the least.

All parties praised such unexampled generosity. The magistrate, in compliance with the words of the letter, released the prisoner from his confinement, and delivering to him the original price, received from him the two deeds, by which the property had been sold. A messenger being sent off with these, the pleasure ground and the dwelling were delivered into the possession of their original master.

On the same day, in the highest of the "Three Dedicated Chambers," he offered up wine, in token of gratitude to heaven, saying, "Thus amply has my father's virtue been rewarded; thus bitter has been the recompense of Tang-yo-chuen's crimes! Oh, how is it, that men are afraid of virtue; or how is it, that they can delight in being vicious!"

Tang-yo-chuen's son and his wife made out a deed, as before, delivering up their persons, and together with the price of the property, which they had received from the magistrate, offered themselves to Ke-woo, entreating that he would accept of their services for the remainder of their lives. He resolutely declined their offer, but at the same time soothed them with kind words. Then the husband and wife, having engraved a votive tablet, wishing him long life, took it home and made offerings to it. Though they could not prevail on him to receive them into his service, they still recognized him as their master. They not only endeavoured to recompense his favours, but likewise wished people to understand that they were a part of his family, for then nobody, they thought, would venture to molest them.

With a view to the remembrance of these events, every one had by heart a stanza of verses, which admonished persons of opulence to refrain from contriving schemes for the acquisition of their neighbours' property. The lines were to this effect,

\* When a man in China attains to high literary rank, certain honours are conferred on his father. A Hong merchant at Canton, whose son was a member of the Imperial College, had the privilege of erecting certain poles or masts in his grounds, indicative of the favour of the emperor.

"By want compell'd, he sold his house and land,  
Both house and land the purchasers return;  
Thus profit ends the course by virtue plann'd,  
While envious plotters their misfortunes mourn."  
From the Chinese proverbs, &c. 126 in  
number, we shall select a few, as examples,  
in our next.

*The Bridal of Caulchairn; and other Poems.*  
By John Hay Allan, Esq. 8vo. pp. 344.  
London 1822. T. Hookham.

APPARENTLY touched with the enthusiasm  
of national attachment, Mr. Allan has pro-  
duced this volume of poems, chiefly on the  
ancient legends, the natural beauties and  
the superstitions of Scotland, but varied  
with certain effusions of friendship and love.  
He is a decided imitator of Scott: far too  
decided for an original writer. The style  
of that master, simple and flowing as it  
appears, has never yet been successfully  
copied; and we fear that the closeness of  
paraphrase in the present instance must  
precipitate the author to a low level among  
the

*Imitators servum pecus.*

It is not our opinion that Mr. Allan is des-  
titute of talent; on the contrary, he makes  
frequent and near approaches even to gen-  
ius. But his manner is very objectionable  
— quaint, affected, unpolished, and some-  
times ungrammatical. Yet his faults (ex-  
cept the gross one of affectation) are rather  
those of a person unaccustomed to the  
labour of composition, than of one of an  
inferior standard of intelligence. He seems  
to feel, and, like the "true of gentlemen  
who write with ease," to describe his feel-  
ings in his own peculiar way, without the  
application of that skill which can alone  
impart value to the poet's lay. Want of  
elegance, of correctness, and of propriety,  
may be overlooked amid a general splendor  
of excellence; as moles, irregularity of fea-  
ture, or slight blemish, are unnoticed on the  
face of dazzling beauty. But when the  
moles, the irregularities and the blemishes  
predominate, we are forced to use the un-  
fashionable phrase of ugly in speaking of  
the countenance; and poetry overlaid with  
defects, such as Mr. A. has so faithfully and  
plentifully copied, has but few claims to  
the praise of the critical judge.

We have mentioned the affectation of  
this author. It obtrudes itself in many forms.  
His book is paged, not at the top, but at the  
bottom. His words often require a glossary  
to render them intelligible. In other cases  
they are so misapplied as to be beyond all  
licence. "Pummels of swords" may per-  
haps be allowed, but "cakes rivers," "suspen-  
sions" for suspense, the "sill" of a country,  
and multitudes of like liberties with the  
English tongue, and Scotch tongue too,  
are intolerable corruptions. Then we have  
"Ladye" for lady, and an immeasurable  
number of ever-recurring pets, such as  
"rigid," "stiff and stark," "lair," "wierd,"  
"donjon," "quail," "sheen," "full far,"  
"full gay," "right well," "right say,"  
"glints," and "cumber," and similar odd-  
nesses, which quite disfigure the versifica-

tion. To accomplish this entirely, "feeble  
expletives their aid do join:" the "dids" are  
abounding:

And winding smooth o'er moss and mead,  
The soft damp path its track *did* lead. (10)

Below, around the portal gate,  
A dark and mingled crowd *did* wait. (13)

And to the Friar's reverence meek  
Gentle and frank, salute *did* speak. (14)

But wrapt as wont in silence deep  
Abstract within himself *did* keep. (15)

and so in almost every page; not to dwell  
on the faults of other kinds which even  
these four couplets display—the path lead-  
ing its track; a crowd being mingled, as if  
crowd were ever otherwise; speaking salute  
to a friar's meek reverence; keeping ab-  
stract within oneself, &c. There is still  
another of the ways by which Allan has  
chosen to exhibit his power over our lan-  
guage, which merits notice, and in this we  
think he is really original. As the bed of  
Procrustes tortured bodies, so does he tor-  
ture words to any required length. Thus,

And each fixed eye with rigid stare  
Upon the void gloom *did* glare.

So glad may feel the joy of this morn,  
So deep May wish thee, with its oit return.

And if a joy on its trace may

Before thee stretch the sword \* of his might  
No better guerdon e'er may find  
Than joy of the gladness won,  
In weal which by their mean is done;

And the bright spirit beams upon its throne.  
To weakness, shame, corruption, and unright  
In earthly coil and frailty 't is sown;  
In power, glory, purity, and light,  
It rises from the grave a deathless spirit bright.

Behold! not all shall sleep in mortal girth;  
But change them like the stroke of thunder's leven:  
The eye shall twinkle—it shall blink on earth,  
And open on the unveiled forms of heaven.

We have extended the latter quotations  
to a few lines besides that displaying the  
author's mode of making monosyllables  
into dissyllables by two dots over a letter,  
because they will readily lead our readers  
to form their own opinions on other parts  
of his style. The following are also almost  
unselected instances of bad grammar and  
reprehensible carelessness:—

They heard a hard, half-stifed breath—  
Perchance 't was but the vain surmise  
Which aye mysterious mien doth rise.

He bade him pledge the Cuich's round.  
Twice spoke he ere his accent sunk  
Upon the notice of the monk;  
But when he now his speech discerned  
His shadowed head he toward him turned.  
"Sir host; it is not in our rule  
In laick license to brave dool."

Example of prose as well as verse:

"And marked within the cell where warriors sleep,  
Beneath the broad grey stone the timorous rabbit  
peep."

Inishail is inhabited by a prodigious number  
of rabbits, who have perforated the isle like  
an emmet's nest. They do not confine them-  
selves to the unbuilt parts, but burrow even

\* We have often heard of the long sword, and  
this is it.

in the loose ruins of the convent, and under  
the stones of the dead, among whose bones  
and cells they carry their paths beneath the  
earth.

Having thus detailed the strong objec-  
tions which present themselves against  
Mr. Allan's pretensions to the laurel, we  
shall offer only a few more general remarks  
and instances.

The table of contents to the volume is  
any thing but inviting: "Lines in return  
for a Nosegay," "Lines to a Lady with  
some Hair," others "To a Lock of Hair,"  
one or two sets of birthday verses, and some  
to a set of Sporan tassels, are of but little  
promise, subjects on which (with the ex-  
ception of the tassels) every sentimental  
scribbler has strung together a few rhymes.  
Nevertheless, the writer has certainly tal-  
ent; his scenery is very vividly painted,  
and we repeatedly meet with expressions  
gracefully turned. His principal poem,  
"The Bridal of Caulchairn," is a servile  
imitation of Sir Walter Scott. It frequently  
happens that a young poet, too enthu-  
siastically alive to the beauty of those talents  
which perhaps first excited his own kindred  
feelings, becomes almost unconsciously an  
imitator; it would scarce be too much to  
say this admiration is the first indication of  
genius, but the last to be encouraged; and  
we would again remind Mr. Hay Allan,  
that the steps on Parnassus admit no sec-  
ond traces.

Many poems follow this; one to his brother  
is replete with feeling, and some of the  
lines are exquisite. We name the Battle of  
Lora to express our dislike to see Ossian's sub-  
lime language tortured into rhyme: there  
is an old proverb it would be well in some  
cases to remember, "Leave well alone." But  
Mr. Allan's most successful efforts are  
in the ballad style; some of his songs are  
natural and pretty, and to do him ample  
justice we quote two of the best.

Day breaks on the mountain,  
Light breaks on the storm,  
The sun from the shower  
Glints silent and warm;  
But dark is the hoir  
Of grief on my soul,  
There's no morn to awake it,  
No beam to console.

The hawk's to his corral,  
The dove's to her nest,  
The grey wolf's to greenwood,  
The fox to his rest.  
But even add morrow  
Are wakeful to me,  
There's no rest for my sorrow,  
No sleep for my we.

O lily of England,  
O ladye my love,  
How fair is the sunbeam  
Thy bower above!  
But bright be thy blossom,  
And reckless thy glee,  
And crossed not thy blossom  
With sorrow for me.

We have met in delight,  
We have deemed ne'er to sever,  
We have loved in despair—  
We have parted for ever!



But yet there's a rest  
To the mournful is given,  
We shall sleep on its breast,  
And awaken in heaven.

Ah! who can feel the burning sigh,  
And tell what vainly words endeavour!  
Ah! who can know the anguish high,  
When youthful bosoms part for ever!

This cheek hath rested upon thine,  
This heart hath on thy bosom beat;  
This hand hath sped thy clasp to join,  
This eye in thine hath melted sweet.

My cheek rests on the cold grey stone,  
My heart hath lived from thine to sever,  
My hand but holds this ringlet lone,  
Mine eye has seen thee part for ever.

I've gazed upon yon moon's pale trace,  
To mark thy hour of absence wane,  
And still I look upon her face,  
But ne'er shall look for thee again.

I've listed for thy footfall light,  
When the red stars were dimly burning;  
And yet I listen to the night,  
But ne'er shall hear thy step returning.

My head ere eve is weary soon,  
My fluttering heart is sick and chill,  
My heavy eyes are dim at noon,  
My footsteps fail upon the hill.

Our farewell advice to this poet is, to look on the beauty of his own romantic land, and forget Sir Walter Scott if possible; to attend to grammar, and avoid his present failings of tautology and affectation.

*Recollections and Reflections, Personal and Political, as connected with Public Affairs during the reign of George III.* By John Nicholls, Esq. &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London 1822. Longman & Co.

This author was a member of three parliaments, and now lives in exile somewhere in France. Spending his fortune in a foreign land he is a patriot, and, taking so immediate an interest in our concerns as a residence abroad signifies, he is a reformer. When he published his opinions in one volume, a year and a half ago, we expressed our opinion of his senility, his garrulousness, and his weakness, (*see Lit. Gazette, No. 190, of Sept. 9th, 1820*;) but he seems to have been encouraged to aggravate his folly by adding a second volume of even inferior stamp to the imbecility of his first. Such a writer provokes little notice; and it is only to illustrate the literature of the times that we devote a column or two to so silly a performance.

The first of these volumes is a mere republication of the original work, to which having done more than justice we shall now have occasion to look only as the prelude to the new second. But it is odd enough that this very second ought to have been a preface to the first; for though both are called "*Recollections, &c. of the Reign of George III.*" there is not thirty pages in the appended publication before us which has

\* We request our old readers to look back, and not to take this as a mere reference of course, not to be referred to.—Ed.

any thing to do with that era. On the contrary, it is a confused olla podrida, an anachronistic medley, without order, discrimination or judgment; babbling about the Revolution of 1688, the reigns of Queen Anne, George I. and George II., the East India Empire, the slave trade, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Wilkes, Sir Robert Walpole, the Manchester Riots, Junius, Louis XVIII., Buonaparte, Lord Hardwicke, Smollett, parliamentary reform, Admiral Byng, the Duke of Newcastle, the debates of the sitting parliament, Lord Bute, and as many other matters as might be produced at random were a chronological history of the last 150 years cut into paragraphs and drawn from a lottery for the lucubrations of ignorance and folly.

With this description we might shoot Mr. Nicholls' second load of rubbish at once into the cellar of oblivion; but we are ever desirous of extracting something, if possible, from our analyses, and we shall act the careful scavenger with this refuse.

The second volume of the *Recollections of the Reign of George III.* sets out (because the first volume, as the writer truly confesses, was unintelligible) with a retrospect to the latter years of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. In other words, having in his original volume put the cart before the horse, the ingenious Mr. Nicholls now explains himself by putting the horse behind the cart!! But we must take the machine as he chuses to drive it. The following is his opinion of Sir Robert Walpole:

The great object of his administration was to preserve the Brunswick Family on the throne; and by that means to protect us from the establishment of popery and despotism. The means which he employed were to maintain peace abroad, and to increase the power of the Whig party by the influence of corruption at home. His efforts succeeded; and although the bigotry of the Stuarts certainly contributed to facilitate the views of Sir Robert Walpole, yet I think we are indebted to him for having preserved to us the Brunswick dynasty. Perhaps I may be thought to have expressed myself too strongly. I speak from what I have heard from old men in the early part of my life. To preserve the Protestant religion was the first wish of the nation. But if people could have been convinced that the Protestant religion was secure, there certainly was much partiality to the Stuart family. As the race of the Stuarts is extinct, and all remembrance of them is now lost, there can be no impropriety in stating this opinion as a historian. Sir Robert Walpole certainly was not a great statesman, and his system gradually diminished the energetic character of the British nation. But he was loyal and useful to that Brunswick family which he served.

We feel an interest in such statements, not from respect to their authority, but from their furnishing other grounds, however slight, for comparing circumstances and ascertaining characters, so as to enable us to form a tolerably correct opinion respecting a striking period of English history. Horace Walpole and John Nicholls throw their lights upon the picture, and even dark lanterns may be turned to use in specula-

tions of this kind. Mr. Nicholls describes the Duke of Newcastle in the usual manner; he agrees with Walpole, in his *Memoires*, and with Glover (from whom Walpole has differed in so little, that a reprint of his work might have saved at least three-fourths of two large quartos;\*) this portrait (*i.e.* Glover's) is perhaps curious enough, even in our day, to merit repetition:

"The Duke of Newcastle was a man of whom no one ever spoke with cordial regard: of parts and conduct which generally drew animadversions bordering on contempt; of notorious insincerity, political cowardice, and servility to the highest and the lowest; yet insincere without gall, ambitious without pride; luxurious, jovial, hospitable to all men; of an exorbitant estate; affable, forgetful of offences, and profuse of his favours, indiscriminately to all his adherents. He had established a faction, by far the most powerful in this country: hence he derived that influence which encouraged his unworthy pretensions to ministerial power; nor was he less indebted to his experience of a court, and long practice in all its craft; whence he had acquired a certain art of imposition, that in every negotiation with the most distinguished popular leaders, however superior to himself in understanding, from the instant they began to depart from ingenious and public principles, he never missed his advantage, nor failed of making them his property at last, and himself their master.

Is it credible that this man, whose success bespeaks him a consummate Machiavel in politics, should have been the dolt that Glover, Smollett, Walpole, &c. and last and least Mr. Nicholls, paints?

One third of the volume under review is occupied with repetitions and with extracts from Junius and Lord Waldegrave. At page 76 we find that the author ventures to differ from the latter and from his later relative on an important point. The opponents of the Princess Dowager of Wales (he tells us, speaking of the era 1757—1760)

--- did not scruple to insinuate a criminal connexion between the Princess Dowager and the Earl of Bute; but I cannot see any fair ground for this imputation. If we look into the Diary of Bubb Dodington, who seems always to have kept up much intercourse with Leicester House, after the death of the Prince of Wales; the Princess Dowager appears to have retained the most lively affection for the memory of her husband. That those who had been attached to him, should, at some future period, be provided for, seems to have been a sentiment uppermost in her mind. During the reign of George II., she wisely abstained from taking much share in political discussions. Yet she seems always to have preserved a wish, that the two great principles of the Leicester House party should be carried into effect; viz. that the distinction of Whig and Tory should be abolished; and the interests of England no longer sacrificed to those of the Hanoverian government.

We are also told another curious story of Lord Bute as a minister—it is as follows:

\* In the account of Admiral Byng's tragedy, in particular, these *Memoires* but echo Glover's arguments in Walpole's manner.



I have been told, and from an authority on which I place great confidence; that in the original copy of the King's first speech to Parliament, which was framed by the Earl of Bute; the epithets applied to the war, were, a bloody and expensive war. Mr. Pitt and the other members of the cabinet, revolted at these epithets; and they were altered to just and necessary war. Let it not be supposed that I am a panegyrist of the Earl of Bute. He was wholly unfit for the station of Prime Minister; but I think he does not deserve to have been abused for want of integrity. He resigned from pusillanimity; and though the King might possibly retain favour for him, yet I believe that his Majesty, never after, had any confidence in him.

Our painful perusal of Mr. Nicholls has now brought us (through a defence against the charge of the *Literary Gazette*, that he had spoken indecorously of our late king) to the 90th of 250 pages; and what may it be supposed is the title which here occurs to a long chapter as part of the *Recollections &c.* of the Reign of George III.? Why it is "On the Revolution in 1688, and the Act of Settlement in the 13th of William III. Anno Dom. 1700."!!! Our author must have surprising powers of memory. His recollections of the reign of George III. comprehends the history of England from Richard II. to 1822, February and March inclusive! However, as he only gives quotations from Smollett and opinions from newspapers, we may, as the old school-mistress's pupils were wont to do with the words in the Bible which their venerable instructress could not expound to them, "make a passover of that," and come up to the Notes, which claim the major half of this trumpet volume.

That no epithet of contempt strong enough for its stupidity can be bestowed upon it will, we are convinced, be acknowledged after reading the annexed extract—the first of these notes.

At the common law commissions were granted to the Judges *durante bene placito*. By the Act of Settlement, 13th William III., it was enacted, That commissions should be granted to the Judges *quandiu se bene gesserint*. George II., while Prince of Wales, had been displeased with some of the Judges, for the opinion which they had given on a dispute between him and his father, respecting the guardianship of George the Second's children: and, as by the death of George I. all commissions granted by him were terminated, it was necessary that new commissions should be granted to the Judges by George II. The Act of Settlement compelled the King to grant commissions to the Judges *quandiu se bene gesserint*, but it did not compel him to grant those commissions to the men who had been Judges in his father's reign; and George II. refused to grant new commissions to those Judges who had offended him. At the accession of George III., those who had the most influence about the young King, had a wish to throw reproach upon the memory of George II.; the King, therefore, was prevailed on to recommend to Parliament to enact, That every succeeding King should grant new commissions to those who had held the office of Judge in the preceding reign. The courtiers of George III. have

trumpeted this conduct as a singular mark of George the Third's disposition to diminish his power; but in fact George III. increased his power by this measure: having no dislike to those whom he found in office, he had renewed their commissions. By the statute which he thus procured to be enacted, he rendered those Judges whom he might himself afterwards appoint, irremovable by his successor; and thus, instead of diminishing his power, he increased it.

So illogical, so unjust, so senseless, and so utterly ridiculous a position, we do not remember ever to have seen advanced by any writer, however impertinent for party, out of confinement for lunacy.

But we have done with Mr. Nicholls. In one sentence we can sum up all the rest that he says, (if it be worthy of even a sentence.) He describes Lord Hardwicke, from his own observation and on high authority, as an able magistrate, an honest man, and an excellent chancellor, though avaricious; a character which does not tally with the unlimited abuse of Horace Walpole:—he reports a long silly speech of his own in 1784:—he is guilty of tautology ten times over:—and he says that the directors of the East India Company were so ignorant on one occasion, that they melted 170 gold dorees which Warren Hastings sent them from India as a matchless treasure—which it certainly was, there being very few specimens extant of this valuable and ancient coin.

If our readers think they can find anything else worth their attention in Mr. Nicholls' second volume, we advise them to read it; and we shall be extremely happy to learn the result of their investigations.

*A Few Days in Athens, being the translation of a Greek Manuscript discovered in Herculaneum.* By Frances Wright, author of "Views of Society and Manners in America." 12mo. pp. 166. London, 1822. Longman & Co.

WERE Athens the City of Cockney, the Stoic Portico the Eccentric Society's Debating room in May's Buildings St. Martin's Lane, and the Gardens of Epicurus Covent Garden, this volume would be nearer verisimilitude and true character than it is as a picture of Cecropia 2000 years ago. The author of the *Views of American Society* was no doubt quite as competent to achieve the resurrection of ancient times as to delineate modern manners faithfully; and accordingly this Greek panorama is just as consonant to the ideas and traditions of Attica, as her preceding work was consistent with the nature of existing circumstances in America. Both are chimerical, and both in defiance of reality.

One truth we have discovered from this publication, namely, that the author of the *Views*, whom we suspected to be a man (in the *Literary Gazette* review, No. 239,) is in fact a woman, as she gave out. The assurance of this rests on such indisputable authority, that however masculine the opinions, and however unfeminine the sentiments broached in that work, we are com-

pelled to sing our palinode, and confess that an Englishwoman (whether virgin, wife or widow) called Frances Wright, and not a hot Virginian, has sent these fripperies into the world.

The "*Few Days in Athens*" is dedicated to Mr. Jeremy Bentham, and sets out with an address to the reader about the *Austrian Vandals* in Italy, the speeches of Lord Londonderry, Southey's Laureate Odes, the residence of Louis XVIII. at Ghent, and other equally appropriate subjects. The fair writer then advances to her task, a sort of dull school exercise, of which one Theon is the hero; but she has forgotten to wind up her preface with the quotation so applicable to it,

*Dente Theonino Circumrodi;*

which we trust her friend Mr. Bentham will explain to her, should she be as little acquainted with the language of Rome as with the fashions of Greece, or the style of good English writing.

Theon is a pupil of the Portico, and hates the doctrines of Epicurus, classically called by our author "the Philosopher of Gargettum," in opposition to the Gargettus of the ignorant Cicero. Warm from a Stoic lecture he hurries from the city to indulge in the reveries of horror inspired by a contemplation of such odious principles as those of the other sect, and having seated himself by the side of the Cephissus, the following exquisite morsel of composition gives us the sequel:

How long he had sat he knew not, when the sound of gently approaching footsteps once more recalled him. He turned his head, and, after a start and gaze of astonishment, bent with veneration to the figure before him. It was of the middle size, and robed in white, pure as the vestments of the Pythia. The shape, the attitude, the foldings of the garment, were such as the chisel of Phidias would have given to the God of Elocution. The head accorded with the rest of the figure; it sat upon the shoulders with a grace that a painter would have paused to contemplate—elevated, yet somewhat inclining forward, as if habituated gently to seek and benevolently to yield attention. The face a poet would have gazed upon, and thought he beheld in it one of the images of his fancy embodied. The features were not cast for the statuary; they were noble but not regular. Wisdom beamed mildly from the eye, and candour was on the broad forehead: the mouth reposed in a soft, almost imperceptible smile, that did not curl the lips or disturb the cheeks, and was seen only in the serene and holy benignity that shone over the whole physiognomy: It was a gleam of sunshine sleeping on a lucid lake. The first lines of age were traced on the brow and round the chin, but so gently as to mellow rather than deepen expression: the hair indeed seemed prematurely touched by time, for it was of a pure silver, thrown back from the forehead, and fringing the throat behind with short curls.

Let us follow this sample of ambitious style. It appears that the sound of footsteps having recalled Theon (no one knows whence or whither,) he turned his head and saw a figure. Strange to say, the head not only accorded with the rest of this figure,

but absolutely *sat upon* its shoulders! The face too was worthy of such a head, for it was such as embodied a poet's image! The features were not cast for the statuary—another odd circumstance, but very probable from the impossibility of modelling a mouth reposing in a smile, which was only seen in a benignity shining over the whole physiognomy—a gleam of sunshine sleeping on a lucid lake. Then there was pure silver hair, and it fringed the throat behind!!!

Such utter nonsense is the fine writing of this Attic authoress; and such is its quality throughout. Greek philosophers, who possess "wisdom undisturbable, and fortitude unspeakable," talk like Bond-street loungers, and ask if a *how* is wanted in return for a compliment: this bow, however, consists of "*reclining the head*." A storm in the Epicurean gardens is introduced by "*a bustling wind*," which causes poor Theon to "*throw his back against a tree*." Then "*the fire flashed round the horizon, and thunder cracked over the zenith, and the big drops fell from the burthened clouds*." Hereupon our admirable Englishwoman proceeds—

"We are near the Temple," said the sage, (Epicurus) "let us seek shelter under its portico. We may watch the storm there, *without a wet skin*." They had hardly gained it, when the rain poured down in torrents. Ilissus, whom the burning sun had of late faded into a feeble rill, soon filled and overflowed his bed; wave after wave, in sudden swell, came roaring down, as if he now first burst to life from the womb of his parent mountain.

Having thus sworn the little rivulet of the Ilissus into the size of the Thames, there is nothing to oppose an interesting aquatic adventure in its waves. A horseman is seen coming "full gallop" over the plain, and the horse plunges into the tremendous ocean of the Ilissus, where *she* (the horseman) would have been drowned but for the assistance of Theon and Epicurus, who swim half way across to her rescue. The girl thus saved turns out to be *Hedeia*, a lovely adopted child of the philosopher's; and as pert and prating a hussy as ever gave life to a modern novel, or rode a horse full gallop through Greece, taking the air alone from a visit at the school of Pythagoras to the abode of Epicurus!! Her debut at the banquet, after her ducking, is surely purely Greek:

The party were about to place themselves, when a sound in the passage turned all eyes to the door. "Yes, nurse, you may just peaceably let me take my own way. Go, go, I am quite well, quite warm, and quite active. I tell you, you have rubbed my skin off—would you rub away my flesh too?" And in came, with the light foot of a nymph of Dian, the young *Hedeia*. "Which is my hero?" she asked, in a voice more sweet than the evening zephyr, as she looked round the board. "Am I right?" approaching Theon. The youth, as he gazed on the lovely face, forgot to answer. "Nay, is it a statue?" leaning forward, and gazing in her turn, as if in curious inspection.

"No, a slave," said Theon, half smiling,

half blushing, as he stooped his knee, while she placed the garland on his head.

"I come to pledge you," she said, putting the cup to her lips, "and to bid you pledge me," presenting it with bewitching grace to the youth. He took it in speechless extasy from her taper fingers, and turning that side to his mouth which had received the touch of her's, quaffed off at once the draught of wine and love.

"I know," continued the fair one, pointing to the table, "there is but cold beverage here for a drowned man. My wise father may know to give comfort to the mind, but come to my good nurse, when you want the comfort of the body. She is the most skillful compounder of elixirs, philters, and every palatable medicine that you might haply find in all Greece, all Asia, aye, or all the earth. And now make way," putting back the surrounding company, and leading Theon by the arm to the upper end of the table. "Behold the king of the feast."

"That is, if you are the queen," said the intoxicated youth.

"Oh, certainly," placing herself by his side, "I never refuse consequence, whenever I can get it."

"Wherever you can take it, you mean," said the master, laughing.

"And is not that every where?" said Hermachus, bowing to the fair girl.

"Yes, I believe it is. A pretty face, my friends, may presteem much; a wilful nature may carry all things. I have both to perfection; have I not?"

"Praise to Venus, and the Graces," said Leontium; "our sister has brought a heart as gay from the college of Pythagoras, as she took into it."

"To be sure; and did you expect otherwise? Paha! you philosophers know nothing of human nature. I could have told you before this last experiment, that humour lies in contrast, and that a wag will find more subject in a synod of grave sages than a crew of laughing wits. You must know," turning to Theon, "I have been on a visit to a wise man, a very wise man, who has followed from his youth up the whim, and all very wise men have whims, of restoring the neglected school of Pythagoras to its pristine greatness. Accordingly, he has collected and brought up some dozen submissive youths to his full satisfaction; for not one of them dare know his right hand from his left, but on his master's authority, doubly backed by that of the great founder. They have, in short, no purse of their own, no time of their own, no tongue of their own, no will of their own, and no thought of their own. You cannot conceive a more perfect community. One more virtuously insipid, more scientifically absurd, or more wisely ignorant."

"Fie, fie, you giddy jade," said the master, smiling while he tried to frown.

"Giddy, not at all. I am delivering grave matter of fact story."

"And we are all ear," said Hermachus, "so pray let us have the whole of it."

This sample of tea-table gossip, unworthy of the silliest party in any of our eastern streets or western squares, is perfectly in keeping with the general tone of Mrs. or Miss Wright's Greek Philosophical conversations; and after adducing it, we need not pursue the offices of criticism any further. We will only recommend kindly to this writer

to lay down the pen and take up the needle; and especially never to attempt classical or ancient subjects. Of antiquity she talks like a boarding-school Miss, confounding circumstances, persons and dates, wherever she ventures beyond the exercises which now form part of the education of young ladies. Throughout her Athenian lucubrations, she treats Attica as if it comprehended all Greece, and all Greece as if it were but one state. Among the anachronisms we need only notice Metrodorus the painter of Stratonicæ, of a century later, converted into a disciple of Epicurus;—and with this we dismiss these Attic-Anglo-American Nights to the dark fate which belongs to them.

#### WADDINGTON'S TRAVELS IN ETHIOPIA.

THE interesting account of Ismael Pasha's war and camp, in the midst of which we were obliged to break off in our last Number, is thus continued:

Some days after the affair of the virgin, the Pasha, with about three hundred men, was encamped three or four miles in the Desert, on the left bank, not far from Korti. He was suddenly roused in his tent by shouts of "Where is the Pasha?" He was surrounded by three or four thousand Shegys. He sprang on his horse, and rode up to Abdin Casheff in high spirits, and asked him and the other Generals, whether they would fight that day in their own fashion or in his? Abdin answered, that during the many years that he had been a soldier, he had never fought in any other fashion than that of his General. The Pasha then placed the Bedonins and the Moggrebyns in two divisions in front; and behind the former, Selah Dar, and behind the latter, Abdin Casheff; with the camels and baggage he formed a kind of rear-guard, and was himself every where. He had no cannon with him; and was, we were assured, so little prepared for this attack, that none of the men had more than sixteen rounds of cartridge, and many much less. Luckily for his life and his glory, the arms of his enemies were of a much simpler kind; they have each two lances, the long Solingen sword, and an oblong shield of hippopotamus' or crocodile's skin; but generally the former. Some of their leaders wore a coat of mail, covering the head, and falling over the shoulders to the middle of the back. A very few had pistols; but the possession of guns was confined to the Chiefs, and it is a singular proof of their attachment to the weapon of their fathers, that having it always in their power to be tolerably supplied with fire-arms, and having, in their wars with the Mamelouks, than whom none knew better how to use them, experienced their fatal effects, they would never condescend to adopt them.

They are singularly fearless in attack, and ride up to the very faces of their enemy with levity and gaiety of heart as to a festival, or with joy as if to meet friends from whom they had been long separated; they then give the "*Salam aleikoun*!" "Peace be with you!"—the peace of death, which is to attend the lance that instantly follows the salutation: mortal thrusts are given and received, with the words of love upon the lips. This contempt of life, this mockery of what is most fearful, is peculiar to themselves—

the only people to whom arms are playthings, and war a sport; who among their enemies seek nothing but amusement, and in death fear nothing but repose.

In this case, they had motives enough to increase even their natural and hereditary bravery. They had lived the companions of their horses, with the lance in their hand: they were to resign the former to strangers, and exchange the latter for harrows and pruning-knives; and were to drive an ox round a sakié, instead of chasing an enemy across the Desert. They had many Nubians settled in the country, whom they obliged to all the labours of cultivating the ground, and whom they treated as greatly their inferiors. They were now called upon to perform these labours, which they had been brought up to consider as servile, and were to expect no better treatment than that which they had been accustomed to exercise; they were to fall at once to slavery, not from liberty merely, but from tyranny; and again, besides their prejudices against white men generally, they had particular religious ones against the Osmanlies, to whom, in common with Christians, they applied the term *Dog*.

Their first attack was irresistible; the Bedouins were driven back, and Abdin Casheff advanced from the opposite angle of the square to support them; while he was engaged, the Bedouins rallied in his rear, he returned to his post, and they charged again. The Mogrebins had been similarly routed and rallied. The Sheegy'a, though suffering very severely, repeated their attacks, and three times was Abdin Casheff seen to charge in person, and throw himself into the middle of the enemy; he shot several of them with his own hand, and having disarmed one, he drove his own lance quite through his body. The Pasha was giving, in other parts, similar proofs of courage, the only one he could now give of generalship, and the pistol of his Highness is said to have been particularly destructive; he caught the gaiety of his enemies, and rode among them with a laugh. At last, the Sheegy'a, finding that their magic had not been able to stop the course of Turkish balls, and that the charms of the enemy were stronger than their own, said, "that God had declared against them," and took to flight. They had placed great dependance on those charms, to which their necromancers had given, for this occasion, peculiar power and efficacy; and their first act after the battle was to put to death the whole race that had thus imposed on their credulity.

Their cavalry, being much better mounted than their adversaries, in general escaped, but a great part of the infantry was massacred. It is, however, universally acknowledged that the Pasha exerted himself to save the flying enemy, and succeeded in preserving some, who were of the infantry, and chiefly Nubians; inhabitants of that part of Dongola which was tributary to the Sheegy'a, and attached to their army by force, or habit, or inclination; for these Arabs were not disliked by their subjects. The Pasha made presents to his prisoners, and clothed them, and sent them back to the Sheegy'a with the insulting message, not to send Beraberas against them, but to come themselves; to which they answered, as when yet unwounded, "Either go on your business, or come and attack us." He had not yet passed their mountain barrier, where they had been in the habit of routing their invaders.

It is a singular, though very certain, fact, that the Pasha had not one man killed in this action, and only one officer and sixteen men wounded, and these, with scarcely any exception, in the back—the natural consequence of their manner of fighting; they discharge all their fire-arms, and then retire into the rear to re-load, while the second and succeeding ranks are firing; when loaded, they advance again, and therefore, after the first discharge the whole is a scene of confusion. One Bedouin received seven lance wounds, not one of which was honourable, and recovered of them all; he had been unhorsed among the enemy, and lanced while lying on the ground.

The Sheegy'a left six hundred men on the field of battle, and they are now lying where they fell, unburied, in the Desert. I am told that the dying expression which remained on the faces of most of them was that of anger rather than of terror, and that many had expired with a smile on their countenance. I have heard of some acts of individual courage performed by them during the battle, and which are related with admiration by the Turks themselves. One Arab, who appears to have placed perfect confidence in the strength of his charms, after receiving five balls, continued fighting and crying out, "that they might fire, but could never hurt him;" till he received his mortal wound. The exploits of another are particularly celebrated by his enemies, who, after being similarly perforated, fought till he fell, and died crying "Where is the Pasha?" Another, also wounded, had lost his horse; however, he found his way to the door of the tent of Selagh Dar, whose groom was standing there biting his master's charger; the Arab disabled the groom, leaped on the horse, and galloped away. However, such acts are common in all battles; nor are they more admirable in savage than in civilized man. Death is not more terrible in the desert than in the city; it ought to be less so to those who have less to live for.

Yet shall I be pardoned for mentioning these not uninteresting exertions of human energy. The national existence of the Sheegy'a, and their attempt to preserve it, will either never be known, or soon forgotten. In a few years, the next generation, perhaps even the present, will be turning the sakiés, and heaving the water-buckets, like the Felláhs of Egypt; and instead of being the Pasha's bravest enemies, will only be known as his most active slaves. They will have no place in history; their conquerors, more illiterate than themselves, have no writer to preserve their name; for so, they would at least descend to posterity, as a nation of brave robbers; and even that were better than to be forgotten.

Those who escaped from the battle of Korti, took refuge in some strong stone castles, one of which is built on the site of an ancient temple at the foot of Mt. Dager, on the other bank of the Nile. Their horses are taught to swim across the river in the broadest parts; they are also trained, by a particular jerk of the bridle, to advance by springs instead of any regular pace, making their gallop exactly that of an antelope; they thus prevent the enemy from aiming with certainty, by the uncertainty of their own motion, without impeding the actions of their rider, who is accustomed to it. The Pasha pursued them to their castles, in and behind which were drawn up to receive him

these black horsemen of the Desert, darkening (as an eye-witness described it,) the side of the mountain; they were shouting terribly, and seemed awaiting the attack with impatience. This time, the Pasha thought it more prudent to bring some pieces of artillery to bear upon them. A heavy fire of shot and shells, which they were equally unable to avoid and to avenge, quickly dissipated the ardour of these unhappy men, and they appear to have fled without making any attempt at resistance. Yet even in this case (as we afterwards learnt), were their terrors derived from their superstition: a shell fell into one of the castles, and began rolling and bounding about; they collected in numbers to look at it, and were much amused by its motions, till it burst and wounded several; it was then that they fled, exclaiming, "that the Spirits of Hell were come against them, and were too strong for them." To the last they had no fear of man or his inventions; but, astounded by the power and novelty of the means employed to destroy them, they came to the natural, but hopeless, conclusion, that "the Spirits of Hell were come against them." They were pursued by the cavalry and artillery for the whole night; and with what effect, we had afterwards an opportunity of observing. The first halt of the army was at the spot where we found it encamped, about twelve hours from Djebel Dager.

The travellers in a few days approached the field of battle, of which the description is truly Turkish and horrid. They had sent from the boats to a place at a little distance from the banks, and the narrative says,

Our servants, in their expedition into the village, found only an old woman alive, with her ears off. The Pasha buys human ears at fifty piastres a-piece, which leads to a thousand unnecessary cruelties, and barbarizes the system of warfare; but enables his highness to collect a large stock of ears, which he sends down to his father as proofs of his successes. The shore is putrid, and the air tainted, by the carcases of oxen, sheep, goats, camels, and men. The latter, in particular, are found every fifty yards, scattered along the road and among the corn; some in an attempt to reach the Nile, and escape by swimming, have been overtaken on the bank, and there killed; others are found with their oxen in the sakiés, where they had been labouring together; some near the houses they probably inhabited. Those I saw were generally lying on their back, the legs apart, the knees bent, the body and neck much bloated, horribly offensive to the smell, and of the colour and stiffness of the earth on which they were rotting. Many were so placed as to be hardly distinguishable from it, and we often mistook for a lump of mud what was, in fact, nothing better. The arms were in different positions, but, in general, one was on the breast, and the other often under the neck. They were of all ages; the older ones, and there were many with white boards, had something like a grin, of ferocity or agony, on their faces; the younger, among whom was one boy of fourteen or fifteen, looked very placid, as if they had parted with life more easily. Beyond this I can conceive little variety of expression on the countenances of the dead. On the face, which the eye has ceased to animate, the grin of indignation, or contempt, or even



joy, can differ but little from that of anguish; and the calmness of resignation, or fearlessness, or innocence, or despair, will be nearly the same—of those that I saw, the mouths were all open, and of most the dying expression (if ever distinguishable) was now rotted away, as they had been dead seven or eight days. They had died all kinds of deaths; one had been hanged, and the chord, a very thin one, was still about his neck, and his eyes starting from his head; one had his arm broken, and the same, a very fine young man, had a large scar on his face, received no doubt in some former war; the boy had a sabre-cut on the neck, and his head was nearly severed from his body; some had their dust-coloured cloaks on, some only the covering round the waist, and that generally displaced, and others were quite naked: the clear red colour of the flesh of those bodies that had been most exposed to the sun, clear as if transparent, had an effect indescribably horrible. Those whom the birds and beasts had begun to devour (who in proportion to the whole number were very few,) were attacked almost exclusively in the wrist and the arm below the elbow, and perhaps the eyes, which, from that cause, or putrefaction, were gone in almost every instance. I saw no body of a woman or child, and am unwilling to believe an assurance we received, that many of both had been massacred. In the midst of the contemplation of such a spectacle, we met a trembling shrivelled old woman, carrying something on her head, who told us, as intelligibly as her agitation allowed her, that the Pasha had made peace with the Sheygy'a, and that multitudes of people were coming down this way. She was not maimed or wounded, but such a picture of human deformity as I never saw living. The presence of such a being, moving like an evil spirit among the dead, completed a scene already too horrible.

The contrast of Nature to this scene of human desolation follows immediately, and has a consoling effect.

I never (says Mr. Waddington) saw the Nile so smooth and beautiful as in this country; it is like a succession of lakes, ornamented by green islands, and surrounded by verdure—this may be fancy, and that the mind, disgusted by the fury of man, takes refuge in the tranquillity of Nature; and is more disposed to the admiration of inanimate things, as it is shocked by the crimes and the miseries of the things that live.

The island is about two miles and a half long; in a village opposite to the end of it we found a few women and children, with their cattle. They were sitting close together, in a cluster, by the side of a ruined house, and they tell us, "they have no fear, as they are under the protection of God and the Pasha;" though their trembling looks were far from confirming their words. Two of the women were young, and one extremely pretty; \* some of the children were

\* The Sheygy'a (as I have already mentioned) are black—a clear, glossy, jet black, which appeared, to my then unprejudiced eyes, to be the finest colour that could be selected for a human being. They are distinguished in every respect from Negroes, by the brightness of their colour, by their hair, and the regularity of their features; by the mild and dewy lustre of their eyes, and by the softness of their touch, in which last respect they yield not to Europeans.

beautiful; they really were without fear; they were pleased with the dresses and arms of the soldiers, and smiled ignorantly on the destroyers of their fathers.

A few pages onward the narration proceeds:

We met at intervals a number of families returning, by the Pasha's permission, to their villages; a great mixture of animals of all ages formed these interesting parties, on their way to bury the corpses of their friends. There were old men supported by their daughters, and close by them four or five children, stark-naked, mounted on an ass; others were riding on cows. There was as great a variety in their countenances; some looked careless and happy, as if satisfied with the knowledge that they were returning in safety to their homes, and ignorant of the desolation that awaited them there; others had the appearance of extreme misery, as if they were ashamed to have survived the massacre of their friends, and the devastation of their country. Among the latter, at a little distance from her party, I observed a young woman, in whose countenance, besides great beauty, there was something so peculiarly expressive, that I desired my servant to salute and address her: he asked her where she was going. There was a natural dignity and pride in her manner, too deep either to be counterfeited or described, as she answered, "I am going to inhabit the house of the Pasha." She spoke with hesitation, as if she would willingly have expressed herself otherwise, but the house of her ancestors she dared not call that, which was in the possession of an enemy—the house of her husband she would gladly have said, but he was dead. She passed on and joined her party.

With this extract we shall for the present conclude; reserving much of miscellaneous matter for our next, and one or two future Numbers.

*Le Renégat.* Par le Vicomte d'Arlincourt.

[Abridgement—Sixth Paper.]

[The princess has another interview with Alaor, who thus relates the incidents of the life of the Renegade.]

"Thierry III. reigned in France, which having been considerably aggrandized by the victories and conquests of Charles Martel, enjoyed profound peace. While, however, the Maire du Palais was pursuing his career of glory, the French monarch died of poison, and the infamous Geoffroi, aided by his perfidious troops, possessed himself of the crown and the prerogatives of royalty. The queen, who was at a chateau, some distance from the capital (with Prince Clodomir, then fifteen years of age, and the infant Princess Elfrida) on being informed of the death of Thierry, hastily proceeded to Paris, accompanied by the prince and princess. But, alas! the gates of the palace were closed against her, and the usurper pronounced sentence of death on the widow of Thierry. An assassin advanced, and after plunging his dagger into the bosom of the queen, stabbed the young princess Elfrida, and was about to lay his murderous hands on Clodomir, when the prince, in a transport of indignation, sprang from the

royal litter, on which the queen and her children had been conveyed to the gates of Paris. He seized a sword; it was that of Thierry, and pierced the heart of the execrable murderer. The young prince rallied the courage of his followers, but, overpowered by numbers, he fell amidst his defenders, and his eyes seemed to be closed for ever.

"But Clodomir was not doomed to perish in obscurity. On recovering he found himself stretched on a bed of straw beneath the humble roof of indigence. A faithful soldier had rescued him from the combat, and escaping through the woods, saved him from his pursuers. A cottage, in a valley of Ardennes, was now the asylum of the heir of the throne of France, and Clodomir, concealing his rank and birth under the assumed name of Astolphe, was represented as the child of the soldier, the son of the generous Faldis. Meanwhile Geoffroi proclaimed the death of the queen and her two children, and the existence of the young prince was known only to the usurper and some of his attendants. Astolphe was now a shepherd of the valley of Polmeran, and months and years succeeded each other without producing any change in his situation. Faldis, who still hoped for the return of Charles Martel, and the defeat and death of Geoffroi, inspired his charge with the noble pride of his ancestors, and kept alive his hope of recovering the sceptre. The old soldier had a son and daughter named Tural and Anathilde. Tural adored Clodomir, and being acquainted with his illustrious origin, he was ready to sacrifice his life for his prince. Anathilde, simple as the rose of the valley, was ignorant of the secrets of Clodomir. He whom she supposed to be a shepherd, occupied all her thoughts, and her heart became susceptible to love. The son of Thierry, who in his turn was ardently attached to the daughter of his preserver, did not disguise his sentiments. He wished that Anathilde should be his bride, and the remonstrances of the old soldier were ineffectual. Astolphe owed his life to Faldis, and his love for the daughter rose out of his gratitude for the father. The news of an important event now reached the valley of Polmeran. The long wished-for day had at length arrived. Charles Martel returned to Paris and completely defeated the troops of the usurper. The conqueror entered the French capital, and decreed the death of the regicide. Faldis had carefully preserved the sword of Thierry, which Clodomir had seized after the murder of the queen: the mark of the wound on his breast which the prince had received from the Algerine pirates when an infant, and the ring of the princess Elfrida, were undeniable proofs of his identity. Faldis, Astolphe and Tural bade adieu to Anathilde, and quitting their peaceful abode, hastened to Paris. But alas, how vain were their hopes!—Charles Martel had indeed subdued Geoffroi, had avenged the murder of the king and queen; but in his heart he secretly rejoiced at the extinction of the royal race. The supposed death of Clodomir smoothed his way to the throne, and

he only waited a favourable opportunity to possess himself of the royal authority. Insulted by the guards of the conqueror, and disregarded by the multitude, Astolphe and his two friends were unable to gain an audience. Faldis had, however, recognised several of his old commanders among the royal troops. He shewed them the sword of Thierry, and revealed to them the secrets of Clodomir. A report soon spread that the heir of the French throne was still living, and that he had appeared to claim his lawful rights. A violent agitation prevailed among the people, and Charles Martel issued an order for the arrest of Astolphe, whom he styled the *false Clodomir*.

"A numerous party now joined the young prince. His banner waved before the gates of Paris, and fortune seemed to smile on the descendant of Clovis. But Charles Martel, issuing from his capital, followed by his devoted guards, impetuously attacked the troops of Clodomir. In vain did the prince, by prodigies of valour, justify his rash enterprise, and prove his exalted origin. His party was cut to pieces, and usurpation was once more triumphant. It was then that the unfortunate Clodomir, recollecting the tragical fate of his family, and beholding on every side the triumph of crime, treason and injustice, raised his eyes to heaven, and for the first time doubted the existence of a God. The prince saw the noble and generous Faldis fall dead at his feet. Frantic, and unconscious of what he did, Clodomir rushed amidst his assailants, and dealt deadly blows on all around him, not from the desire of vengeance, but from the impulse of despair. Suddenly dragged by force from the enemy's ranks, he was conducted to the river side, where a boat was in readiness to receive him, and he had gained the opposite shore ere Charles Martel perceived his escape. He by degrees recovered his reason. Glory, hope, honour, no longer surrounded him; but friendship still remained—Tural was beside him. Having traversed a thick forest, the prince and his companion discovered at a distance a hospitable convent. Clodomir was exhausted with fatigue and privation. Tural saw but one resource, it was dangerous, but the prince was unable to proceed farther, and the emissaries of Charles Martel were perhaps pursuing him. He no longer hesitated; he hastily advanced to the gate of the convent, and having obtained a private interview with the abbot, he discovered to him the secrets and misfortunes of Clodomir, and confided the prince to the generosity of the minister of Heaven. 'Soldier,' (said the Abbot of Saint Vandrille) convey your friend hither. Whether he be Clodomir or not, if he take refuge in this convent, I will be responsible for his safety: not all the power of Charles Martel can reach him in this inviolable sanctuary.' These words were consolatory, and yet Tural shuddered as though the abbot had pronounced a sentence of death. He endeavoured to express his gratitude; but the words died on his lips. [These fears are justified by the result; the abbot holds him captive, and endeavours to force on him the monastic

habit. He is dragged to the altar, when suddenly drawing from beneath his robe the royal sword of Thierry, he plunged it into the heart of the abbot, and rushing through the throng of terrified monks, with the bloody sword in his hand, he appeared to be borne on the invisible wings of an exterminating angel. He crossed the chapel, the galleries and the court-yard, and at length reached a private gate of the monastery, which opened on an extensive forest. Here one of the porters of the cloister opposed his escape, and another victim fell beneath the sword of Clodomir; but he was now without the walls of the convent and had recovered his liberty. The prince pursued his impetuous course through the forest. He cast his eyes on his sword, and he shuddered to behold the blade, which was died with gore.

[He meets Tural, who had watched for him, and, disguised in pilgrims' cloaks, the prince and his friend at length arrived within sight of a long chain of the Ardennes, which had in the meantime been desolated by Charles Martel.]

"Anathilde was no longer at Polmeran. Tural was received by the friend to whom Faldis on his departure had intrusted the care of his daughter. The young soldier learned that, the French army having halted in the valley, Charles Martel became captivated by the beauty of Anathilde, and that the conqueror had forcibly carried her from her home. This news was a thunderbolt to the friends; but, defying the difficulties and fatigues of the journey, they followed the course which had been taken by the army of Charles Martel, and they speedily joined the French camp. After many inquiries, they learned that a young female was confined in a solitary castle on the shore of the Atlantic, and that Charles Martel frequently visited the mysterious retreat. One evening, disguised as French knights, they introduced themselves into the castle as messengers from head-quarters, and having shewn the royal arms on the sword of Thierry, they produced a pretended order from Charles, directing the guards of the castle to send Anathilde immediately to the camp under their escort. Anathilde proceeded to the armory, where her lover and brother were waiting to receive her; her gaolers withdrew; Tural raised his vizor, and Astolphe threw himself at her feet. For some moments they were unable to find words to express their sentiments; but, alas! another stroke of fate awaited them.

"The door of the armory suddenly opened, and Charles Martel appeared, accompanied by three knights. 'Presumptuous soldier, who art thou?' exclaimed Charles. 'Thy monarch; usurper, defend thy life!' was the reply. A dreadful conflict ensued, in which Clodomir evinced heroic intrepidity. Two of his adversaries already lay dead at his feet; and Charles Martel was himself on the point of being subdued, when the third knight, who was already severely wounded, fled to a balcony which opened on a vast terrace overlooking the sea. Anathilde was there—he seized

the daughter of Faldis, and turning to Clodomir, 'Thou shalt not enjoy thy triumph!' he exclaimed, and immediately precipitated his defenceless victim into the waves. Meanwhile the tumult had alarmed the guards. The two friends were surrounded on every side. Tural was still fighting valiantly, when a traitor rushed forward and plunged a dagger into his heart; he staggered and fell, and with his last breath pronounced the name of his beloved Astolphe.

"What a spectacle for the prince! On the one hand the remains of a murdered friend, and on the other a mistress floating on the waves of the ocean. Frantic with despair, he cut his way through the midst of his enemies, and rushing to the balcony, he in a moment plunged into the sea, resolved to share the grave of his adored."

[They escape to a raft, and are driven to sea, but Anathilde perishes in sight of a vessel which is bearing down to their rescue. The agony and despair of Clodomir are forcibly painted: their result is infidelity and apostasy.]

"A Mussulman, one of the chiefs of the ship's crew, first stepped on board the raft. 'Young man, (said he,) you appear overwhelmed with sorrow; but remember that every misfortune has an end: a God—' 'A God, (interrupted the prince, in a transport of fury,) there is no God! The universe is but a mass of disorder, the world a mere chaos of horror and misery, and man the production of darkness and chance!' Convinced that excess of grief had deprived him of reason, the Mussulmans conveyed him on board the vessel in spite of his resistance. Every mark of care and attention that humanity could suggest was bestowed on him with success. The life of Clodomir was not yet near its close; but gloomy apathy and calm insensibility were painted in his countenance.

"The vessel, which was bound for Iberia, was commanded by Athim, an African warrior, celebrated for his valiant exploits. Abderam, who was then Caliph in Spain, was raising an army to reinforce the Saracens in Gaul, and having heard of the achievements of Athim, he invited him to Spain for the purpose of placing him at the head of his intrepid Moors.—During the tedious hours of the voyage, Clodomir heard the heroic language which the African chief addressed to the Arabs. Athim detailed his plans of conquest and glory; he turned with the desire of ravaging the plains of Gaul. The unfortunate Prince, who had become the enemy of the human race, and particularly of the French people, now thought only of battles, massacres and devastations. All the force of his despair, all the fury of his vengeance, were now directed against Charles Martel. He expressed his determination to enlist under the banner of Mahomet. His enthusiastic language, his bold resolution, and his thirst for revenge, delighted the African chief, and he himself promised to present the Prince to Abderam.

"They landed in Spain, and the son of Thierry, concealing his birth and his rank under the name of Agobar, was conducted

to the caliph. 'Young man, (said Abderam,) I am informed, that having been exiled from Gaul, you hate your country and wish to adopt another; but I cannot receive a Christian among the warriors of Mahomet. Do you consent to renounce your faith, and wear the turban of the prophet?'—'Potent caliph, (replied Agobar,) I wish to fight and to serve you. Jupiter or Jehovah, Mahomet or Christ, what signifies the choice of a name! The helmet or the turban, the crescent or the crucifix, all these toys are equal in my estimation!' Pleased with the boldness of his replies, and the vehemence of his passions, Abderam no longer hesitated. Such a character suited the barbarians of Iberia. Agobar bound the turban on his brow, and descending the Pyrenees, the Renegade soon appeared like a meteor in Occitania."

(To be continued.)

#### FINE ARTS.

##### [BRITISH INSTITUTION.]

The British Gallery closed on Saturday; and we learn with pleasure that the patriotic Directors of this Institution are already actively engaged in getting together a splendid collection of Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch pictures, of which an Exhibition will be opened about the middle of next month—an Exhibition, the profits and the studies from which will be alike devoted to the advance of our native school.

In our No. 266, we inserted a list of the works which had been sold, up to that period, in the British Gallery—and conceiving that such lists are beneficial to the Arts, in showing who are the encouragers and the encouraged, we now add the names and descriptions of those since disposed of.

##### SALES CONTINUED.

The Death of Eli. The late Ed. Bird.	
G. Townley, Esq.	£25 0
View near East Grinstead. P. Nasmyth.	
W. Baildon, Esq.	52 10
Ben Venu. C. Stanfield. — Glossop, Esq.	42 0
A Ballad Singer. W. Haines. Capt. Dale	21 0
Italian Peasant Girl. John Stevens.	
F. Bailey, Esq.	
The Midnight Alarm. S. Woodin. Robt. Holford, Esq.	26 5
The Vale of Thorpe. G. Vincent. C. Harvey, Esq. M.P.	31 10
Park Scene, &c. G. H. Laporte.	
H. Westgar, Esq.	
Woman and Child. J. Graham. Colonel Braddyll	25 0
A Cottage Scene. Ch. Reinagle, R.A. — Jones, Esq.	
Mischief. R. Dagley. The Countess de Grey	
The Larder invaded. Edwin Landseer.	
Sir C. H. Coote, Bart.	210 0
The Alpine Mastiff. J. F. Lewis	
A Coast Scene. C. Pilgrim	
A Fishmonger's Shop. A. Frazer. Sir. M. W. Ridley, Bart.	42 0
Landscape, Cattle, and Figures. J. Tennant. Sir Claude Scott, Bart.	
View on the Thames, looking towards Waterloo Bridge. Chas. Deane. Hurst and Robinson	126 0
Roslin Castle. John Wilson. The Rev. G. Preston	21 0
Flint Castle. Wm. Linton. The Rev. G. Preston	15 15

View from Norwood. P. Nasmyth. Sir J. Dornford	£52 10
Dead Game. B. Blake. Lord Selsey	21 0
Punch. R. B. Davis	31 10
A young Bacchanalian Head. J. Moor. (A model.) F. Bailey, Esq.	
Evening. J. Bealby. G. Brettell, Esq.	
View on the Thames near Battersea. Chas. Deane. Hurst & Robinson	52 10
Scene from Nature. J. H. Capper. — Laing, Esq.	
Dead Game. B. Blake. The Earl of Essex	21 0
The Skirts of a Park. P. Reinagle, R.A. — Jones, Esq.	
David rescuing the Lamb from the Lion. J. Gott. G. Hayter, Esq.	10 10
Sisyphus, (a model.) J. Gott. G. Hayter, Esq.	10 10
View on the Thames. John Wilson. P. Test, Esq.	
View near Hampton Ferry. Miss H. Gouldsmith. The Earl of Essex	21 0
Lovers' Quarrels. G. S. Newton. Hurst & Robinson	126 0
Weary Traveller. W. S. Watson. — Laing, Esq.	
The Sleeping Companion. T. Clater. J. Squires, Esq.	26 5
The Post-boy regaling. A. Fraser. J. Squires, Esq.	47 5
The Outside of a Farrier's Shop. E. Childie. J. Squires, Esq.	36 15
The Cellar. Wm. Kidd. Hurst & Robinson	26 5
The Brazen Age. J. Gott. (A model.) C. B. Ogil, Esq.	10 10
Commo's Mill, North Wales. R. Barker. Rev. G. Preston	36 15
Morison's Haven, near Edinburgh. John Wilson. J. Squires, Esq.	36 15
View of Hastings. E. Childie. J. Squires, Esq.	18 18
Eighty-three pictures sold.—Total amount of sales, 2,500l.	

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### ON THE SOLITUDE OF A POPULOUS CITY.

On the dark precipice reclined,  
Where Ocean's wildest breakers roar,  
I hear the dash of waves and wind  
Harmonious on the shelly shore.  
Amidst the breeze and foaming spray,  
From coral grove or echoing cell,  
Sweet Fancy pours a Mermaid's lay,  
Or music of a Triton's shell.  
In the brown forest's deepest gloom  
Some magic web th' Enchantress weaves,  
And wakes, amidst the vernal bloom,  
A spirit in the fluttering leaves.  
Those splendid orbs of rolling flame  
That gam the robe of azure night,  
Th' Almighty architect proclaim,  
Who drew the dusky globes to light.  
Thus through all Nature's living scene,  
In flowery branch, or ocean's roll,  
In stormy cloud, or pasture green,  
Revives the meditative soul.  
With life the teeming landscape glows;  
Companions still the hermit finds,  
Where milky thorn or scarlet rose  
Breathes fragrance on the passing winds.  
Hot in the toiling City's hum,  
Where reigns supreme triumphant Art,  
The martial horn and hollow drum  
Strike deeper sadness to the heart.  
There, a lone stranger in the crowd,  
From calm domestic pleasures torn,  
He mingles in the dusty cloud,  
Amidst the joyous din forlorn.

Chill solitude the pilgrim feels  
With tenfold pain, when glory's car,  
Or pompous wealth on golden wheels  
Flashes the gleam of ruby star.

Like waves the living billows roll,  
Like thunder sounds the deaf'ning roar;  
While stands the Bard, with pensive soul,  
A pebble on the sandy shore.

To gorgeous theatres he flies,  
To courts, or Almack's blazing halls;  
Yet in the whirl of fashion sighs,  
And mourns beneath the sculptur'd walls.

Cold seems the breast of brightest fair,  
And strains of sweetest music cloy,  
Unless some kindred bosom share  
The sympathetic throb of joy.

To mingle with the rustic band,  
When eve impels the dewy blade,  
Or press the virgin's trembling hand  
Beneath the balmy hawthorn's shade—

Is sweeter far than proudest bays  
Of laureate pomp, or laurel'd crest,  
Than costly pearl, or diamond's blaze,  
That glitter from an aching breast.—*SOLUS.*

#### THE POET.

Oh say not that truth does not dwell with the lyre,  
That the Minstrel will feign what he never has felt;  
Oh say not his love is a fugitive fire, [melt.  
Thrown o'er the snow mountains, will sparkle, not  
It is not the Alpine hills rich with the ray  
Of sunset can image the soul of the bard;  
The light of the evening around them may play,  
But the frost-work beneath is, tho' bright, cold  
and hard.

'Tis the burning volcano, that ceaselessly glows,  
Where the Minstre may find his own semblance  
pourtray'd;  
The red fires that gleam on the summit are those  
That first on his own inmost spirit have preyed.

Ah, deeply the Minstrel has felt all he sings,  
Every passion he paints his own bosom has known;  
No note of wild music is swept from the strings,  
But first his own feelings have echoed the tone.

Then say not his love is a fugitive fire,  
That the heart can be ice while the lip is of flame;  
Oh say not that truth does not dwell with the lyre;  
The pulse of the heart and the harp are the same.  
L. E. L.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### LETTERS FROM PARIS.

State of the French Drama:—Zodiac of Den-  
derah:—Memoirs of Lauzun.

Paris, April 6, 1823.

THE theatres of Paris have had their share in the great agitation which has prevailed in the capital, and they may now more justly than ever be said to be the thermometers of public opinion, or at least of a certain party, which manifests itself in a powerful way. Molière's *Tartuffe* never created so great a sensation as it has recently done. The two great theatres have been crowded every time it was represented, and the audience enthusiastically applauded every passage in which reason is placed in opposition to bigotry. These plaudits seem to have very much annoyed the police, for the representations of this comedy have



been suspended; and though the *Tartuffe* has been urgently demanded, yet the managers decline bringing it forward, saying, as Molière did when the Archbishop of Paris prohibited the character, *Monseigneur, ne veut pas qu'on le joue*.

The Théâtre Français has, for some time past, been the scene of another event. I mentioned, in my last, the representations of Jouy's new tragedy of *Sylla*, and the talent evinced by Talma in the principal character; but this is not the only attraction of the piece. Talma has had a wig made for the character, which perfectly resembles Buonaparte's hair. He moreover imitates the gestures and manners of the late emperor, though neither the gestures nor the wig accord very well with the character of *Sylla*. The Parisians are all eager to see Talma's portrait of Napoleon, and thus *Sylla* has been so attractive, that at the last performances of the tragedy tickets were sold at the doors for triple their original price. Talma has, however, been censured for resorting to so frivolous an expedient to excite curiosity, for degrading his talent by substituting, for the faithful delineation of his character, a false colouring, calculated to please party spirit. It would also appear that the desire of opposing the Ultras, who seek every opportunity of humbling Buonaparte, has augmented the eagerness of the public to see Talma's wig, to which some Journals have attributed the whole merit of the tragedy of *Sylla*.

There still exists in France, as under the old regime, a theatrical judge, through whose influence the drama is placed entirely under the control of the government. The whole dramatic kingdom is divided into districts, each of which has a *Directeur de Spectacles* authorised by the ministry. These posts are solicited and distributed much in the same manner as prefectures and sub-prefectures. The directors are empowered to superintend all the theatres within their respective districts. Some have several companies under their control, others only one, with which, in the different seasons of the year, they visit the towns within their districts. An office of dramatic agency, which is established at Paris, maintains correspondence with all the provincial directors, and supplies them with actors and actresses, dancers, musicians, musical compositions, dresses, &c., in fine, with every thing necessary for the stage. The performers, on their part, apply to this agency when they wish or are obliged to change their situations. Dramatic authors in France, by virtue of a law, (though not a very just one) receive a certain allowance for every performance of their works in any part of the kingdom. The agents are therefore useful in keeping an account of every performance that takes place in course of the year, which is no trifling duty in a country where there are about a hundred theatres. The dramatic agency of Paris is therefore the centre of all theatrical affairs, and the establishment presents many advantages. There is, however, now and then a little contraband dealing, and, like other administrations, the central agency is some-

times duped. The theatrical season commences at Easter, and all dramatic engagements are dated from that period of the year. At the present season, therefore, general commotion prevails in the dramatic corps throughout France. The diligences are loaded with actors and actresses who have quitted engagements and are about to enter on new ones. Nothing is spoken of in the inns but Molière, Racine, Grétry, and Méhul; and strains from new operas are intermingled with almost every conversation. One is astonished to find travellers, of very common outward appearance, assuming the attitudes of heroes, and women of ordinary gentility playing off the airs of princesses. Actors who are disengaged resort to a certain coffee-house in Paris, where recruits are received for the provincial theatres. It is so unusual to see any but actors at this coffee-house, that every person who enters is regularly asked what cast of characters he takes. A mercer of the *Rue de St. Denis* was not a little surprised the other day, on going there, at being asked whether he played the part of the *lover* or the *father*? Our theatrical managers complain very much of the restrictions to which they are subjected; and of the ill effects of which we have recently had a new example. Perlet, a favourite comic actor, has for a year attracted crowds to the *Gymnase Dramatique*, a theatre which was erected about two years ago. The Ministry, or the Gentlemen of the Chamber, I know not which, have ordained, that whenever they shall summon an actor from the *Gymnase Dramatique* to perform at a Royal Theatre, the *Gymnase* shall be compelled to resign him. This law would, of course, enable them to deprive the *Gymnase* of all its good actors as soon as they appear. Perlet lately received orders to perform at the Théâtre Français. But as he enjoys a salary of 300,000 francs from the theatre of which he is the chief support, he felt no great desire for the honour of performing at the first theatre in France, agreeing with Cæsar, that it is better to be the first man in a village than the second in Rome. He accordingly refused to obey the mandate, declaring that he would only perform at the *Français* when he should be conducted thither by gendarmes; which, however, is a circumstance that might take place, for the gendarmes are employed here on all occasions, even, as we have lately witnessed, to conduct the missionaries to their pulpits to preach. It is moreover said that Perlet has commenced an action against the managers of the *Gymnase Dramatique*, because, instead of fulfilling their engagements with him, they are about to transfer him to the Théâtre Français. Thus the managers are not a little embarrassed, being on the point of losing their best actor, and at the same time threatened with an action in which they have nothing to gain and a great deal to lose. - - -

I have some words to add to what I formerly wrote respecting the famous *Zodiac of Denderah*. A memoir just published by M. St. Martin, an academicien, contains the particulars of the removal of

the monument to Paris. This account, which appears to be authentic, affords a new example of the jealousy which exists between the English and the French at Egypt. The individuals of these two countries who enjoy the good graces of the Pacha, particularly MM. Salt and Drovetti, have divided among themselves the ground containing antiquities, as though Egypt were a conquered province. Thus it happens that when a stranger shows any inclination to make discoveries, he is repulsed on the one hand by the persons employed by M. Salt, and on the other by those engaged by Drovetti. You are on the domain of the English Consul, he is told by one party, and by the other he is informed that the ground is in the possession of the French Consul. The Pacha, however, who seldom interferes with these contests, grants permission to dig to almost every foreigner who asks it; as he very readily did to M. Le Lorrain, who was commissioned by a party of speculators at Paris, to bring home the *Zodiac of Denderah*. Notwithstanding the permission of the Pacha, M. Le Lorrain had, however, been nearly driven from Denderah by M. Salt's people, who disputed the possession of it even after it was in the boat. But M. Le Lorrain bethought himself of the following expedient:—he tied a white handkerchief to the end of a stick, and hoisting it, demanded respect for the French flag; by this means he gained the favourable decision of the Cadi of the country. The French in Egypt regard this as a grand triumph over Mr. Salt. The individuals who transported the *Zodiac* to France offer to sell it for 300,000 francs. - - -

The *Memoirs* of the Duc de Lauzun have experienced the success that might have been expected for a book containing abundance of scandal; a subject in which the French public, and particularly the Parisians, love to indulge. In this respect, however, all great cities are alike; for, as the ingenious La Rochefoucauld remarked, there is always something in the misfortune of others that does not absolutely displease us. Thus, though every one pronounced the *Memoirs* of Biron to be an infamous book, yet the first edition was speedily exhausted and a second published. With regard to the manuscript of these *Memoirs*, it has been known, for some years past, that two or three copies existed, namely, one in the possession of the police, and another in the possession of Prince de Talleyrand. Respecting these celebrated manuscripts, a journal has related the following anecdote:—A lady, who was mentioned in the *Memoirs* among the victims of the intrigues of M. De Lauzun, requested M. De Talleyrand to lend her the work for twenty-four hours only. Having obtained possession of the manuscript, she tore out the page in which her own adventure was related, and then restored the papers to the owner. Some time after, she again applied for the loan of the *Memoirs*, and to her great surprise found the manuscript complete; she a second time tore out the objectionable leaf, and again returned the

papers. At length, having for the third time solicited the loan of the manuscript, she experienced a refusal from M. De Talleyrand, who observed, "I am sorry for it, madam, but unfortunately I have but three copies." Though the character of M. De Lauzun has excited almost general reprehension, yet there are some who venture to become his apologists. One of these individuals has published some anecdotes of M. de Lauzun, whom he affirms was most just and generous, even towards his enemies. The following is a remarkable trait:—At the commencement of the Revolution, a certain Marquess, who was related to M. De Lauzun, joined the court party, while Lauzun, or Biron, loudly declared himself in favour of the constitution government. Lauzun one day said to his relation, "I hate absolute government; nevertheless, my opinions have no influence over my sentiments; I am and will remain your friend to my last breath; I have for some time endeavoured to bring you over to our party, yet I should be sorry to see you there. We shall both perish in the Revolution, in which we are ranged on opposite sides. Intrigues and false friends of liberty are surrounding us, we shall both perish; but you will have an advantage over me, you have never forsaken the party to which you are connected by birth."—"But (said his friend) why do you not return to us?"—"My opinions and my honour oppose such a measure; my dear friend, when a Biron has taken a step forward he can never look back; I am resolved to die faithful to my party; remain ever faithful to your's."—They did so, and both perished on the scaffold. - - -

#### DRAMA.

**KING'S THEATRE.**—The Opera of *Pietro l'Eremita*, adapted to the music of *Mosi*, composed by Rossini, was performed on Tuesday night to a splendid and overflowing house. We here have Peter invested with miraculous power; and the story is that of the preacher leading an army of Crusaders, vanquished and captured by Noraddin, Sultan of Egypt, but having ransomed himself and followers. The Sultan however defers, under various pretences, the liberation of the Christians. The invocations of the Hermit produce, first, the plague of darkness, which is dissipated by his prayers on the Sultan's promise of reform; but Orosmane, his son, in love with Agia, daughter of a Crusader, and who is amongst the prisoners, to prevent her consequent departure, persuades the Sultan to a second violation of promise. This takes place in the city of *Damietta*, which, in the way of a moral lesson to the infidels, is consumed by a magnificent shower of living fire. Fatima (the Signora Ronzi), a superb looking Sultana, uses her influence in favour of the Crusaders, and the Sultan, who is a very vacillating personage, yields to her entreaties. The Crusaders are again thwarted by Orosmane, who, in the act of rushing on Peter, is struck by a thunder-

bolt; and, when they are embarking, the bridge, over which the route of their pursuit lies, breaks down under the Turkish army, consisting of two men on the bridge and a reinforcement underneath it. These are the catastrophes. The music of this Opera is of a very rich and eloquent description, and the chorusses and accompaniments full and effective; but the quantity of unnecessary recitative, during which the action is not forwarded, gave the entire a wearying length of performance\* and weakened the effect, which the many beautiful airs must have otherwise commanded. Camporese, as Agia, equalled her performance in other characters, and this is as high praise as she can wish. Ronzi di Begni (the Signora) exhibited as much talent for the pathetic as she has displayed hitherto in the more gay and cheerful class of character. In an Eastern court she shone "The light of the harem." The voice of the new singer, Zuchelli† (who made his debut on this occasion,) is harmonious and powerful. It is one of the finest as well as most flexible basses we ever listened to, and produces a strong and delightful impression of manly singing, to which is added great excellence as an actor.

The scenery and dresses are splendid and appropriate; and the female costumes particularly elegant. This Opera requires nothing but retrenchment in the recitative; and the last act we think might be omitted, at least it might terminate with the prayer, "Dal tuo stellato soglio." In the expectation that some abbreviation may be made, we do not for the present further particularize those passages which were most admired, except to say that the duet, "Ah! se puoi così lasciarmi," by Curioni and Camporese; her solo, "Tutto mi ride intorno," in the first act, and "Sorte crudele è ria," in the second; the Signora Ronzi's "La pace mia Smarrita," and the quartetto, "Mi manca la voce," were greatly and deservedly applauded.

The performance was succeeded by that of the National Anthem. The several verses were sung by the Signoras Camporese and Ronzi di Begni, and Madame Vestris—the latter with peculiar spirit. The coup d'œil was superb, from the display of court dress, feathers, diamonds, &c. to the very roof of this magnificent Theatre. From the lateness of the hour, it was found necessary to condense the Ballet into one scene—a most brilliant one—for its ornaments were Mdles. Noblet, Mercandotti, De Varenne, and Madame C. Vestris. Albert made his last appearance amidst tumults of applause, and Paul his debut in England. Some of this dancer's flights were quite aerial and perilous; though in grace we think he is not likely to surpass

\* The too great length of this piece arises from its having been composed for performance during Lent at Naples, at which season no ballets are allowed; as we have both ballets and divertissements, this should be considered in the retrenchments.

† The wags say already that he is an Irishman educated (not born) in Italy, and that his name is a corruption of Joe Kelly.

Albert. One of his oblique movements is altogether wonderful.

**DRURY LANE.**—Mr. Kean has replayed the part of Osmond in the *Castle Spectre*, in which the vivid touches of his talents produce a very striking effect. On Thursday Mr. Braham made his debut for the season in the *Siege of Belgrade*. He was received with immense applause, and showed throughout the evening, by a display of undiminished powers, how greatly he merited this pre-disposition on the part of the audience. Madame Vestris was full of naïveté, though labouring under a cold; Miss Forde sang with much clearness and judgment, and appeared more favourably than we have ever before witnessed.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—On Monday, Julius Cæsar was the play here; and if ever proof were given that the sterling drama, performed in a suitable manner with strength in the cast of characters, has sufficient attractions for the largest as well as the smallest theatre, it was afforded on this occasion. From the ground to the roof hardly any thing was visible but human countenances turned attentively towards the stage. Every part was crowded; the deepest interest seemed to be taken by the whole audience; and the applause was not only liberal but judicious. Young, Macready, and C. Kemble, sustained the characters of Brutus, Cassius, and Antony, each in a masterly style. The last is a difficult character, because the great effort, that of the oration over the dead body, not only follows a similar scene, but is long in itself. It therefore requires a skilful actor to render it effective, which Mr. C. Kemble did in an eminent degree. He was also excellent in the meeting with the destroyers of Cæsar; and in the garb of war was personally a noble Roman study. Macready's Cassius will hardly admit of description;—in viewing it, criticism is converted into entire admiration. "The wayward humour which his mother gave him," is a passion which this gentleman is singularly felicitous in bodying forth; and in the quarrel and reconciliation scene, he surpassed even our conception of the part. The restrained resentment, the love of Brutus in his chiding, the impatience, the grief, the mingled storm of anger, pride, and sorrow, in one breast, were never more forcibly or finely portrayed. The exclamation, "Oh Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this!" was electric, and drew down bursts of approbation; but indeed the whole of this very trying colloquy evinced superlative talents, and well merited the honourable testimonies of delight which interrupted it. Young's Brutus was also a fine piece of acting. From his judgment we are almost afraid to dissent in ever so slight a degree; but to our minds there is the merest shade of too much glibing in some of his remarks on Cassius's conduct. Of the tent scene with the Ghost of Cæsar, he did not make so much as his memorable predecessor, John Kemble; but it is a praise of the highest order to say, that in all the rest he grandly filled up the chasm made by the retirement of that noble Brutus. The rest of the play

was adequately cast, and the lovers of the drama, from the Pit to the Gallery, were enabled to enjoy, and did enjoy, a high and exquisite dramatic treat.

It is mentioned in the Green Room, that the story of the Black Dwarf has been made the foundation of a drama by Mr. Horace Twiss, from whose pen an interesting production may be anticipated.

Madame Catalani's concert, on Wednesday, was well attended: indeed London is now so full, that almost every place of amusement displays a fair share of visitors.

#### VARIETIES.

##### RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO BUCHARIA.

St. Petersburg, 27 Feb.

It is well known that an embassy\* was sent to Bucharía in the year 1820, which returned from thence last year. The embassy consisted of M. Negri, Counsellor of State, as Envoy, one Secretary, one Naturalist, three officers of the general staff, and three interpreters. The company left Orenburg on the 10th of October 1820, with an escort of 200 Cossacks, 200 infantry, 25 Bashkirs, and two pieces of horse artillery: 350 camels carried all the necessary provisions, and tents made of skins. After the embassy had passed, in 72 days, a distance of 1060 miles, through the Kirgese desert, and contended with many difficulties, particularly want of water, it arrived in Bucharía on the 20th of December. The Desert ended about 55 miles from the capital of Bucharía, and at Kagaran, the first Bucharian village, a very agreeable and fertile district surprised the travellers by its beauty. From this place to Buchará-i-Scheriff, the residence of Emir Haidar, now Chan Emir al Mumemin (Leader of the Believers), the whole country is covered with houses, cornfields, orchards of all kinds of fruit, surrounded by avenues or walls, with many thousand canals. The country, which in Europe is called Bucharía, extends from 37° to 40° north latitude, and from 61° to 67° east longitude from Paris. The inhabitants of Bucharía consist of two chief classes, the Usbek, or the reigning, and the Tadschik, or the serving, who are the ancient Sogdiani, the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. The population of the Tadschik amounts to about half a million, that of the Usbeks is above three times as great; the whole population of Bucharía is about two millions and a half. The government is despotic. The revenues of the state amount to ten millions of francs. The army consists of 25,000 cavalry. As Sunnite Mahometans, the Bucharians keep up a friendly intercourse with the Turkish Sultan, and detest the Persians, who are Shiites. The extent of the trade with Russia is to the amount of a million sterling.

*The Arctic Expedition.*—A bottle thrown overboard from the Fury in July has been picked up on the coast of the county of Donegal. The paper within signifies that

the Fury and Hecla were in lat. 64° 8' N. and long. 62° 27' W.; consequently near the entrance of Hudson's Bay. The bottle has drifted right across the Atlantic.

*Posthumous Travels.*—The Royal Prussian General, Meme von Minutolo, lately made a scientific tour through Egypt and Syria, where he formed an excellent collection of Egyptian antiquities, and got safely from Alexandria to Trieste, where they were placed on board a vessel, to be conveyed to Berlin via Hamburg. During one of the late violent storms, the ship was unfortunately wrecked, between Heligoland and Cuxhaven. A few light boxes, containing mummies, were lately driven ashore on the coast of Balje, in the Dukedom of Bremen. The country people on opening them, were not a little terrified on finding that they contained dead bodies—which they immediately buried. The mummies have, however, been dug up, and delivered to the Prussian authorities.

*Athens.*—By the French corvette La Cornaline, we have very recent accounts from Athens. On the 12th of March that city was in possession of the Greeks, who were besieging the citadel, which was still in the hands of the Turks. As the latter were beginning to want provisions, and especially water, it was supposed that they would soon surrender. Athens is now little more than a heap of ruins: all the houses, churches and mosques have been burnt or thrown down; the precious monuments of antiquity have also suffered severely, and were daily exposed to fresh injury.—The Cornaline has brought back to France a collection of nine hundred Greek medals, among which there are several of gold and silver, which have never been edited, and are worthy the attention of antiquaries.

*Sporting.*—We often read in the newspapers of the mighty exploits of our sportsmen at the battus given by noble and great land proprietors; they do not, however, eclipse former achievements in the field. In the year 1758, the Emperor Francis I. hunted for eighteen days successively on the estates of Prince Colloredo, in Bohemia. Besides the emperor and his son, there were present three princesses, and twenty of the principal nobility. With 116,200 shots they killed—1710 wild boars, 3216 deer, 932 foxes, 13,243 hares, 29,545 partridges, 9409 pheasants, 746 larks, 1353 quails, 1967 snipes, 513 wild turkeys, and 117 other birds.

*Fossil Ship.*—We have now the following information respecting the fossil which was discovered buried in the sand at Capelle, in North Brabant. It is about seven feet deep, and seventeen broad. An anchor was found in it, weighing about a hundred pounds; the iron is in perfect preservation, and not at all rusty. A piece of a mast, several feet in length, still remains: the wood seemed to be in good preservation, but, when exposed to the air, crumbled to pieces. The most curious articles hitherto brought to light are some square bricks, which served as a hearth, bearing inscriptions and covered with thick varnish. These inscriptions are the following proverbs: "*Alle dinc heeft cimen tijt*" (Every thing has its season) in old German

characters; and "*Eendracht heeft groote Cracht*" (Union has great strength) in Roman characters. From these inscriptions, and other circumstances, it seems that the existence of this vessel under ground must not be placed as far back as 1421, but rather at the period of a later inundation. It is presumed that the event which placed it in its present situation, must have happened during the Spanish war, when a great part of these countries was inundated, and that consequently it can have been only between 200 and 240 years under ground.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*THE PERIODICAL PRESS.*—The *John Bull* newspaper of last Sunday made a very notable discovery: it found that Mr. Mathew Wyatt was not his own father, and consequently that this ingenious and able sculptor was not the late James Wyatt, one of the best architects that England ever boasted. There is surely something very cruel in the way in which individual talent and character are now so apt to be treated by the periodical press. No doubt there is much of pretension, of quackery, and of "humbug," as it is called, to be exposed; but in the self-election to do this, it appears to us that the best feelings, the best interests, and the best principles of human nature, are often infamously outraged by persons presuming to pronounce opinions for the public without inquiry, without knowledge, and without that honest conviction arrived at through mature investigation, which truth and justice imperiously demand.

Our readers, who partook of the sympathy excited by the melancholy death of Mr. C. A. Stothard, will be gratified to learn that a Memoir of the life of this early lost, but distinguished, author and artist, is preparing for the press by his widow, the author of *Letters on Normandy, Brittany, &c.*, of which we gave so favourable an account in the *Literary Gazette*. Besides original letters, essays, and antiquarian researches, it will, we are informed, contain an account of a Journey in the Netherlands.

Lord Byron has, we hear, sent a new tragedy over—it is founded on a German story, which has already taken its place in English literature, though not in a dramatic form. Report says that his Lordship has not on this occasion departed from his wonted course.

The Memoirs of the life of this noble author, have (we may mention en passant) been read in MS. by favoured individuals. Such things are naturally whispered about, and among the literary chit-chat of the hour it may be mentioned that this performance might be published to-morrow without compromising his Lordship or any other person. It is more a record of feelings, sentiments, and opinions, than of adventures, incidents, and facts. A Rousseau sort of composition.

A Monthly Magazine in the French language is about to be started in London, under the title of *Le Musée des Variétés Littéraires*.

\*An account of this remarkable embassy was given in former *Literary Gazettes*.



## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

APRIL.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 11	from 31 to 49	29.70 to 29.93
Friday 12	from 37 to 46	29.70 to 29.76
Saturday 13	from 39 to 58	29.81 to 29.94
Sunday 14	from 37 to 62	29.90 to 29.97
Monday 15	from 45 to 64	29.97 to 29.99
Tuesday 16	from 45 to 56	29.92 to 29.97
Wednesday 17	from 35 to 54	29.90 to 29.77

Prevailing winds—NE. & SE.—The weather generally cloudy, with rain at times, and intervals of sunshine. A very heavy storm of thunder and lightning on Friday afternoon. The upper part of a halo formed on Sunday about 1 P.M.—Rain fallen,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch; of which, 1 inch and  $\frac{7}{8}$  of an inch fell on Monday night.

Thursday 18	from 40 to 54	29.66 to 29.62
Friday 19	from 36 to 40	29.65 to 29.67
Saturday 20	from 35 to 57	29.64 to 29.66
Sunday 21	from 41 to 56	29.57 to 29.44
Monday 22	from 44 to 57	29.34 to 29.31
Tuesday 23	from 41 to 51	29.28 to 29.35
Wednesday 24	from 57 to 57	29.55 to 29.60

Winds variable; but SE. & SW. most prevalent.—Clouds generally passing over, with drizzling and sometimes heavy showers of rain. On Tuesday, showers of hail. Much sunshine intervening.—Rain fallen during the week,  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch.

Edmonton.

JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We know neither W. nor P.—but we should be very sorry to be obliged to answer for all the fools we do know.

Gas is mistaken, but he may escape without a Retort. We cannot do what "A Subscriber" suggests, without being liable to a duty of 7s. for every such notice.

We know nothing of any projected edition of *Rapin* with splendid graphic illustrations: such a work might certainly be made interesting.

Δ's observations on the Martyr of Antioch are reserved for future use, if an opportunity offers.

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SMIRKE'S SHAKESPEARE, No. 4.

On the 30th of April will be published,

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The Numbers already published are as follow:—No. I. The Tempest.—II. Taming of the Shrew.—III. Merry Wives of Windsor.—IV. Twelfth Night.

The following Numbers will appear in the course of the year:—V. Measure for Measure.—VI. Romeo and Juliet.—VII. Henry the Fourth, Part I.—VIII. Midsummer Night's Dream.—IX. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

London: Printed for Rodwell & Martin, New Bond-street; Hurst, Robinson, & Co. Chancery; and sold by the principal Booksellers of the United Kingdom.

On the 1st of June 1822, will be published, in London, No. 1. price 1s. 6d. of a

**MAGAZINE, entitled, LE MUSÉE des Variétés Littéraires.**—It is a remarkable circumstance, that notwithstanding the variety of monthly publications which are printed in the French capital, there is not a single work of a miscellaneous character on the plan of our Magazines. To supply this desideratum, and particularly to encourage a more intimate acquaintance with a language that may almost be termed universal, a Society of Gentlemen, of literary attainments, have undertaken to produce an interesting Periodical Work, containing all the varieties which can constitute a pleasing Monthly Miscellany.

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## ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

Patron, H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex, K.G.

**THE** Subscribers and Friends to this Institution are respectfully informed, that the Eighth Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Friday the 3d of May;

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK and ALBANY, K.G. in the Chair.

Stewards.

H.S.H. The Prince Esterhazy.

His Grace the Duke of Rutland, K.G.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, K.G.

Most Noble Marquis of Lansdowne,

Right Hon. Earl of Ashburnham.

Right Hon. Earl of Dartmouth.

Right Hon. Earl of Shaftesbury.

Right Hon. Earl of Blessington.

Right Hon. Earl of Liverpool, K.G.

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Frederick Webb, Esq.

C. C. Wilson, Esq.

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W. Wilson, Esq.

S. Woodburn, Esq.

&amp;c. &amp;c.

Dinner on Table at 5 o'clock.—Tickets (including Wine) at 1l. 1s. each, may be had at the Secretary's, 65, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square; of Mr. Roper, Assistant Secretary, 12, Francis-street, Bedford-square; at the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Stewards. JNO. YOUNG, Hon. Sec.

## ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

Established 1810.

**THE** Patrons of the Arts are respectfully informed, that the Thirteenth Anniversary of the Institution for Relieving the Widows and Orphans of Artists will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall, the first Monday in May, as usual, being the day the Royal Academy Exhibition is always opened to the Public, and which falls on the 6th.

His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL in the Chair.

Stewards.

His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

His Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

Rt. Hon. Earl of Bridgewater.

Rt. Hon. Earl of Liverpool, K.G.

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&amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.

Dinner on the Table at Half-past Five for Six precisely.—Tickets, 17s. each, to be had of the Stewards; or the Secretary, 23, Mornington-place; and at the Tavern.

The interests of this Fund are entrusted to the management of a Committee of twelve Members annually elected, eight being Amateurs, and four only Artists. The Society is, and always has been, open to every artist of merit in the United Kingdom; and all who have not joined it already, are hereby invited to become Members, in order that (by the payment of an annual tribute for their own relief, should they ever require it) their Widow or Orphans may become entitled, as matter of right, to an annuity from this Benevolent Institution.

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